

# My Lord Methwens tragedie



**T**How empty you pass but experience  
With dull in yre, and do thy diligence  
This pure complaint with picture to deploir  
Of Gules bane I ask na Eloquence  
But only God of his greite Excellence  
Wim to resist in Everlasting gloir  
Quhomie dolent deith hes lairly done denoie  
Unkellie allace, gif man nicht mend it  
Plane with ane schot, sa is the gude Lord endie.

Methwen may murke, and all the bounds about  
For Harry Stewart, that was bauld and stout  
Constant and kynd with qualiteris conding  
In smallest danger name beleuand dour  
Innyous Forston swa did wait him out  
Lyke as at Roxburgh raid scho flew our King  
Ane greit foirtakin of ane weil war thing  
To se the sailles punest sa with roddis  
The sharper scurge is cumand for the Toddis.

He is thair craft in clymming to the Crowne  
The pure King Harry piteously put downe  
Nocht be thair foire, bot spyring of ane trane  
The Erie of Murray murdrest with ane lawne  
And Lenox last 3: saw in Strivling Towne  
Gude George Authen with thap rebalds flane,  
Barleis, Dundas, quhilk wer baird trew & plane  
Dowglas of Lyntroun, & gude Westraw was last  
With lytill meaning fra the men be past.

Bot to my taill and Tragedie retorne  
The gude Lord Methwen makis me to murne  
That all my senses suddainly downe fais  
Quha hes the brest noz it in baill wald burne?  
To se zone traitours do sa foule ane turne.  
Bot that our Lordis wald craib for ony cais  
Wa worth the tyme he went about zone waie  
Wa worth the Towne, the Castell and the Craig  
He tyme sail cum, that God sail pour his plaign.

Wa worth his weirds (gif ony weirds can be)  
Paras, Lacheses, Atropas all thye  
Fy on the Forston with thy fenzeit snyle  
War deid substantiall mast of flane oze  
I suld not rest bot me reuenge on the,  
Wiche thow not spair yet Lord to lue a quyle?  
Ane of the best was bozne in all this yle  
Gif it wald rure, to reckin out sic sailles  
Gude to be war, quhen wickitnes puenailis.

Of wentie zeiris, zing and sa discrete  
Wick of his maners, manfuetude and weir,  
Lord lyke allace, he had ouir lytill feir  
Aganis his fais, ay forrest on his feir  
Wich lams bult, and with ane Lyons spreit  
Quha had mair grace to gouerne men of weir  
And gif I spak, of Culnering, how, and spier  
He was not bozne was better of sic playis  
(war he not Lord) noz lyke him of his dayis.

King, lusty, lufelsum, liberall and large  
Ane greit defender of our chosin Barge  
In trubulous tyme pow micht haif feir pe rather  
Fetw better heit bene Chifane to haue charge  
Aganis Lord Greid to breir the goldin Targe  
In all this land thow left not sic ane vther  
The facts of God may say thap want ane brother  
He as at na tyme can thap get for graich  
Sa frak, sa fordwair to defend thair saich.

In the was wit, wisdome, and wozechynes,  
In the was grace, groundit with godlynes,  
In the was meknes and humilitie,  
In the was fredome, foire, and ferynes,  
In the was manly mowis and marynes,  
With mercy, science, and ciuilitie,  
To the Dame nature gane abilitie  
Bingnant of wit, of policie but peir,  
Aype of ingyne, with iudgement perqueir.

In honest passyme was thy haill deipre  
Thow bure the tounge that neuer spak dispyre  
Wahrye in weis, and wardeman to the rest  
For na offence gild thow be forsit to spere  
Aganis thy seruandis, thocht thap wer to wyre.

Bot with thy wysdome weyre it at the best  
Thy household trum, and treit weill thap confest  
Quhairfor thap mys the mair noz all the laif  
Quhen thap remember on the giftis thow gail.

Had Stewarts floumes, as the mater stands  
Thay wald not fail to fecht it with thair hands,  
To se yame murdrest downe yat dois belag yame  
Bot sum ar feir for spyring of thair lands  
and sum ar lyand obleit under bands  
Thar dar not feir, suppois the torber hang yame  
Blis be the barne yat is not bozne amang thame  
Thay beand beikis, thar hes bene men befor  
To pairit with Sedds, thar dois thair fey denoie

Fy on the Atholl, quhat dois thow requyre?  
May not thir murders muse thy hart to fyre  
Gif thow had mettall man to bying the to  
Thy dowbill saich may not abyde the fyre  
Swa misbelit sail leif the in the myre.  
Oz hes thy wyfe the wyre of it, quhair is scho?  
Defend the cans man quhill the King cum to  
Gif naturall kyndnes kindillis by thy brest  
We beand down, na dout thow salbe neist.

God save King James, thow may say allace,  
Exceptand only God mon gyde thy grace  
For temporal Lordis thap leif the few on lyne,  
Thy father murdrest in ane mischant place  
Swe baith thy Regents of ane Royall race  
With sundrie vther Nobills four oze fyne  
And last of all, I laith wer to dyscreue  
The manly Methwen mischantly put downe  
Plane for thy saich, for sauing of thy Crowne.

For the maintenance of thy lyfe and lato  
I note bot few, oze nane with sic ouirth jaw  
As only Methwen, this my reffoun quhy  
His father first, gif I the snich suld schaw  
Deit in eyle for honest cans ze knaw  
His douchtrie brothers with can nane deny  
Now Methwen last, beleuand sozrow by,  
Quhilk hes mair barrat to his brest inbrocht  
Noz all the laif, gif he culd leif his thoche.

Thocht we be subject to mortalitie  
Zit God Andewis us with sic qualitie,  
Thar naturall kyndnes causis us to caie  
Bot let na Carnall Corruptalitie  
Complane on Christ for partialitie  
To tak his awin men ouchter last oze afe  
Lat deid to deid, and die not in dispaie  
Wyle and reuenge the Methwen on zone rout  
Quhat will it mend to murne thy senses out.

As to the Lordis that hes begun this actioun  
I feir thair tyme be turnand to detractioun  
Gif thap repent not this I spak befor  
Erane thair conscience of particular pactionn  
Gif thap be fauourers of the tother factioun  
(And gif swa be) thair mys mon be the moir  
God will not be abusit with sic vane gloir,  
The stoyne approches quhen ye doills ar fairest  
The langer spairit, the plaigue is ay the fairest.

The day is neir, as I dar weill deplane zow  
The waich of God is lyke to gang aganis zow,  
For spairing men of Macheuillus Scullis  
How may ze sane zone smaths yat wald haif flane  
And ze wer in pair hnds yat wald not hane (zow)  
Thap lay the men, & ze the sebill fuillis (zow)  
Quhat is the cans, let se your curage oullis  
Particular proffier durst I speik it out  
Zit thap ar daylie murdrest downe thap dour.

To mak sic change, ze waie your wit in vane  
As thairs for ouris, and ouris for thairs agane  
Thair mō ze grant pair groiss als gude as yours  
Bot quhair ze gat thame, wald ze flour the grane  
Thar beand done, na dout thap wald be sane  
For to renounce thair Law and cum to ours,  
Do ze not sa, ze sail choill scharper schours  
Sic vane exambion can I not consider  
As marrow traitours and the trew togidder.

I dar be bauld to say sen this began  
Had we bot vltir the victorie we wan  
With gloir to God thar gail thame in our hands  
We neidit not oze now to want ane man,  
Bot quhen we tak thame solistationn than  
Dois clap thair heid, the counsall sa comandis  
Quhairfor I feir, thar God sal burne ye wandis  
As for exempill I can let zow seir  
For spairing sinfull how the sailles deir.

As Duheit is strukin for the fra besyde  
And siluer fyne mon to the Furnes glyde  
To get the dyos deupdit as we se  
Thocht King Josias did in Christ confyde  
Befoir the plaigue come God will sa prouyde,  
He will not choill the fust with thame to die  
Bot quhair he takis away sic men as he  
The riche, the wyse, the Capitan, oze the gyde  
Thair sail the pepill punisment abyde.

Quhat neidit Roy for sin to suffer wjak?  
Noz faithfull Lot, bot for the wickis saich,  
Caleb and Josua in cūming to the land  
For Ophny and Shines thar the battell fraik  
The Innocent Ely all his banis brait,  
The Ark of God was carpit of thair hand  
And zit thair fais micht better hane latrin it stand  
Suppois the sailles flane was for offences  
Zit did the ishelitims fail of thair pretences.

And greid I can for the geir he hid  
Twa goldin brasterris lytill thing he did  
Zit was the pepill punest for sic playis  
Hane we sic wjangous geir? na God for beid  
As Crowats, Senlours, oze ane Challeis leid  
Quhilk will be found na fault now heir a dayis  
For spairing Agag as the Scripture sayis  
The hous of Saule was punest and his leid  
Bot spairing Jonathan for his douchtrie deid.

Sichlyke King David thoillit pame and greif  
His wickit barnetyme brocht him to mischeit  
His Capitan Joab Absolone for bure  
Bot far ma Joabs heit for thair releif  
With solistationn quhen we tak ane theif  
Suppois ze wist he wozecht your self inture  
Swa sum beleuis hane baith the sydes sa sure  
And zit I hope thap sail not want thair hyre  
As Absolone set Joabs cozne in fyre.

The King Roboam ralschely did outirish  
The auld wyse counsall, and the fulsche tuiik  
Quhairfor he rynt his kyndlie Trybes ten  
And Jeroboam in thar samit built  
Set up new Idols and his God for snik,  
Quhill Abiah flew fyne hundreth thousand men  
Swa Bannadab was Captiue as ze ken,  
Bot quhair the inst dois ioyne thame with forsa-  
Be war thap get not wickit Acabs takin. (him)

Quhat dois it proffier Boetric prophane?  
Sen retw Bzeicheours speikis it to zow plane  
Zit neuer mercy in your mynd renouydis  
As frateles leid it neuer growis a grane  
Bot to my taill heit I retorne agane  
This Tragedie may staik to tell the Lordis  
Ane thousand fyne hundreth Sempill sa records  
Thye scoir and twelf suppois the weirle be vane  
The thid of marche was woerthy Methwe flant.

With the Dytone.

Quod Sempill.

The Lord to delpyer the laif of this blade  
And send us ane sythmet of yis suddane slaughter  
The King & his counsall inspyre yame with gude  
And mak us not ane futeisul to our fais lauchter

**Imprinted at**  
Sanctandros be Robert Lekprens.  
Anno. Do. 1572.